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THE
H I L L I A D:
AN
E P I C P O E M.

By C. SMART, A. M.

Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, in the University of Cambridge.

To which are prefixed,

Copious PROLEGOMENA and NOTES VARIORUM.

Particularly,

Those of QUINBUS FLESTRIN Esq; and MARTINUS MACULARIUS, M. D. Acad. Reg. Scient. Burdig. &c. Soc.

— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, & panam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

VIRG.

L O N D O N:

Sold by J. NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; and M. COOPER, in
Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLIII

W. Duplicate?

THE
HILLYARD
EPIGRAM

By C. SMART, A.M.

Fellow of Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge.

To which are prefixed,

Curious Prolegomena and Notes Variorum.

London:

Printed by Quinnes, Hartman, and Martin, in
St. Paul's Church-yard, near the North Gate.

Printed for the Author, by
J. Quinnes, at the North Gate, St. Paul's Church-yard.



Printed by Quinnes, Hartman, and Martin, in
St. Paul's Church-yard, near the North Gate.

A

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND at the University of CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR *****,

I AM now to acknowledge several letters, which I lately received from you, without any return on my part. As I have been very much hurried of late with a multiplicity of affairs, I must beg you will not only be kind enough, to overlook my past omission, but to indulge me for a little time longer. As soon as I am master of sufficient leisure, I will give you my sentiments without reserve, concerning the affair, about which you have thought proper to consult me; for the present I desire you will consider this as a receipt for your many favours, or a promissory note to discharge my debt of friendship as soon as possible.

The design and colouring of a poem, such as you have planned, are not to be executed in a hurry, but with slow and careful touches, which will give that finishing to your piece, remarkable in every thing that comes from your hand, and which I could with the precipitancy of my temper would permit me to aim at upon all occasions. I long to see you take a new flight to the regions of fame, not upon unequal wings, that sometimes rise to a degree of elevation, and then fall again, but with an uniform tenour, like the bird in VIRGIL,

“Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.”

I have been now for about three weeks in this scene of smoke and dust, and I think the republic of letters seems to be lamentably upon the decline in this metropolis.

A

Attorneys.

Attorneys clerks, and raw unexperienced boys, are the chief critics we have at present. With a supercilious look and peremptory voice, which they have caught from a few of their oracles, as dark and ignorant as themselves, these striplings take upon them to decide upon fable, character, language and sentiment.

“ Nescis, heu nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ ;
 “ Crede mihi nimium ~~mar~~tia turba sapit.”

With regard to writers, the town swarms with them, and the aim of them all is pretty much the same, viz. to elevate and surprize, as Mr. Bays says. At the head of these still continues the INSPECTOR. As we frequently laughed together concerning this writer, when you were last in town, I need not here give you a description of his parts and genius. I remember you express'd great amazement at the reception his essays seemed to meet with in all our coffee-houses ; but you must consider, that, there are artifices to gain success, as well as merit to deserve it. The former of these his INSPECTORSHIP is eminently possessed of, and sooner than fail, he will not hesitate, in order to ~~make himself~~ talked of at any rate, to become most glaringly ridiculous. This answers the purpose of the booksellers, as well perhaps as Attic wit, and hence it results that they are willing to continue him in their pay.

In the packet, which I have sent to you by the stage coach, you will find a paper called the IMPERTINENT, written by himself. In this curious piece he has not stopped at abusing his own dear person, which is the only subject he has not handled with his usual malice, and the rest of it is made a vehicle for invective against Mr. Fielding and me. It was ushered into the world in a pompous manner, as if intended to be continued, but no second number was ever published, and to shew you a further instance of his fallacy, he thence took occasion to triumph over a pretender to essay-writing, which, he would fain insinuate, cannot be executed by any one but himself.

This unfair dealing, so unworthy a man, who aspires to be a member of the serene republic of letters, induced me to wave, for a time, the design you know I was engaged in, in order to bestow a few lines upon this scribler, who in my eyes is a disgrace to literature. In the first heat of my poetic fury, I formed the idea of another DUNCIAD, which I intended to call after the name of my hero, THE HILLIAD. The first book of it you will receive, among others things, by the coach, and I shall be glad to be favoured with your opinion of it.

If it conduces to your entertainment, I shall have gained my end ; for though I have received such provocation from this man, I believe I shall never carry it any further. I really find some involuntary sensations of compassion for him, and I cannot help thinking, that, if he could keep within the bounds of decency and good manners, he would be a rare instance of what may be done by a fluency of periods, without
 genius,

(v)

genius, sense, or meaning. Though I am persuaded he is quite incorrigible, I am still reluctant to publish that piece, for I would rather be recommended to posterity by the elegant and amiable muses, than by the satyric sister, politely called by an eminent author, *the least engaging of the Nine*.—

On this account I shall proceed no further 'till you have favoured me with your opinion, by which I will absolutely determine myself. I hope therefore you will peruse it as soon as you can with convenience, and return it to me by the stage. You may shew it to Jack ***** , and to Mr. *****.

I am, with great sincerity,

Dear ***** ,

London, 15 December, 1752.

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

DEAR SMART,

THE perusal of your poem has given me so much pleasure, that I cannot postpone thanking you for it, by the first opportunity that has offered. I have read it to the persons you desired I should, and they approve the design in the highest manner. I cannot conceive what should make you hesitate a moment about the publication, and to be free with you, you must not by any means suppress it. When I say this, I must observe, that I should be glad to see you better employed, than in the dissection of an insect; but since the work should be done by some body, and since you have made such a progress, I must take the liberty to insist, that you will not drop this undertaking.

To speak in plain terms; I look upon it to be indispensably incumbent on you to bring the miscreant to poetic justice; it is what you owe to the cause of learning in general, to your Alma mater this university, and, let me add, it is what you owe to yourself. The world will absolve you from any imputation of ill-nature, when it is considered that the pen is drawn in defence of your own character. Give me leave upon this occasion, to quote a passage from the SPECTATOR, which I think pertinent to the present subject. "Every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy

"them, where ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others."

Thus thought the polite Mr. Addison in a case where he was not immediately concerned; and can you doubt what to do, when personally attacked? As soon as the hissing of the snake is heard, some means should be devised to crush him. The advice of VIRGIL is,—"Cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor."

I can tell you that your friends here expect this of you, and we are all unanimous in thinking, that a man who has the honour of belonging to this learned university, and to whom the prize, for displaying with a masterly hand the attributes of his maker, has been adjudged for three years successively, should not on any account suffer himself to be trifled with, by so frigid and empty a writer. I would have you reflect that you launched into the world with many circumstances, that raised a general expectation of you, and the early approbation of such a genius as Mr. POPE, for your elegant version of his ode, made you considered as one, who might hereafter make a figure in the literary world; and let me recommend to you, not to let the laurel, yet green upon your brow, be torn off by the prophane hands of an unhallowed hireling. This, I think, as is observed already, you owe to yourself, and to that university which has distinguished you with honour.

Besides the motives of retaliation, which I have urged for the publication of your poem, I cannot help considering this matter in a moral light, and I must avow, that in my eyes it appears an action of very great merit. If to pull off the mask from an impostor, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is) a better opportunity never can offer itself.

In my opinion the cause of literature is in imminent danger of a total degeneracy, should this writer's diurnal productions meet with further encouragement. Without straining hard for it, I can perceive a corruption of taste diffusing itself, throughout the cities of London and Westminster. For a clear vein of thinking, easy natural expression, and an intelligible style, this pretender has substituted brisk question and answer, pert, unmeaning periods, ungrammatical construction, unnatural metaphors, with a profusion of epithets, inconsistent for the most part with the real or figurative meaning of his words, and, in short, all the masculine beauties of style, are likely to be banished from among us by the continuation of his papers for almost two years together.

Now, sir, I submit it to you, whether this may not lead on a total depravity of sense and taste. Should the more sober at our coffee-houses be dazzled with false embellishments;

embellishments; should boys admire this unnatural flourishing, I do not in the least question, but the rising generation will be totally infected with this strange motley file, and thus antithesis and point will be the prevailing turn of the nation.

It is to prevent a contagion of this sort, that HORACE took the pen in hand: for this Quintilian favoured the world with his excellent work. The ingenious authors of France have carefully attended to this point. Truth, they insisted, is the very foundation of fine writing, and that no thought can be beautiful, which is not just, was their constant lesson. To enforce this, and to preserve a manly way of thinking BOILEAU lashed the scriblers of his time, and in our own country the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians have laboured for this end. To this we owe the Bathos, in which we find exposed, with the most delicate traits of satire, all false figures in writing; and finally to this we owe the Dunciad of Mr. POPE.

These instances, dear Smart, are sufficient to justify your proceeding, and let me tell you, that the cultivation of taste is a point of more moment than perhaps may appear at first sight. In the course of my reading, I have observed that a corruption in morals has always attended a decline of letters. Of this Mr. POPE seems to be sensible, and, hence we find in the conclusion of his Dunciad, the general progress of dulness over the land is the final coup de grace to every thing decent, every thing laudable, elegant and polite.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public fame, nor private dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glympse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word.
Thy hand great ANARCH lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

I am aware that you may answer to what has been premised, that the man is not of consequence enough for all this, and you may observe to me, that at first sitting out, I myself called him by the figurative and typical appellation of an insect. But if an insect gets into the sunshine, and there blazes, shines and buzzes to the annoyance of those, who may be basking in the beams, it is time for the muses wing to brush the thing away. In plain English, the rapidity, with which this writer went on in his progress, was so astonishing, that I really looked upon him to be reserved for the great instrument of dulness in the completion of her work, which certainly must be accomplished, unless a speedy stop be put to that inundation of nonsense and immorality with which he has overwhelmed the nation.

I have mentioned immorality, nor will I retract the word. Has he not attacked, maliciously attacked the reputations of many gentlemen, to whom the world has been greatly obliged?—He did not brandish his goose-quill for any length of time, before he discharged a torrent of abuse upon the reverend Mr. Francis, whose amiable character, and valuable translation of HORACE, have endeared him both to those, who are, and those who are not acquainted with him. Even beauty and innocence were no safe-guards against his calumny, and the soft-eyed virgin was by him cruelly obliged to shed the tender tear.

Upon the commencement of the Covent-Garden Journal, Mr. Fielding declared an humorous war against this writer, which was intended to be carried with an amicable pleasantry, in order to contribute to the entertainment of the town. It is recent in every bodies memory, how the INSPECTOR behaved upon that occasion. Conscious that there was not an atom of humour in his composition, he had recourse to his usual shifts, and instantly disclosed a private conversation; by which he reduced himself to the alternative mentioned by Mr. POPE; “and if he lies not, must at least betray.” Through all Mr. Fielding’s inimitable comic Romances, we perceive no such thing as personal malice, no private character dragged into light; but every stroke is copied from the volume which nature has unfolded to him; every scene of life is by him represented in its natural colours, and every species of folly or humour is ridiculed with the most exquisite touches. A genius like this is perhaps more useful to mankind, than any class of writers; he serves to dispel all gloom from our minds, to work off our ill-humours by the gay sensations excited by a well-directed pleasantry, and in a vein of mirth he leads his readers into the knowledge of human nature; the most useful and pleasing science we can apply to. And yet so deserving an author has been most grossly treated by this wild Essayist, and, not to multiply instances, has he not attempted to raise tumults and divisions in our theatres, contrary to all decency and common sense, and contrary to the practice of all polite writers, whose chief aim has ever been to cherish harmony and good manners, and to diffuse through all ranks of people a just refinement of taste in all our public entertainments?

These considerations, dear Sir, prompt you to the blow, and will justify it when given. I believe, I may venture to add, never had poet so inviting a subject for satire; POPE himself had not so good an hero for his DUNCIAD. The first Worthy who sat in that throne, viz. Lewis Theobald of dull memory, employed himself in matters of some utility, and, upon his being dethroned, the person, who succeeded, was one, who formerly had some scattered rays of light; and in most of his comedies, though whimsical and extravagant, there are many strokes of drollery; not to mention that the Careless Husband is a finished piece.

But in the Hero of the Hilliad all the requisites seem to be united, without one single exception. You remember, no doubt, that in the dissertation prefixed to the Dunciad the efficient qualities of an hero for the little epic are mentioned to be vanity, impudence and debauchery. These accomplishments, I apprehend, are glaring in the person you have fixed upon. As a single and notable instance of the two first, has he not upon all occasions joined himself to some celebrated name, such as the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery, or some other such exalted character? I have frequently diverted myself by comparing this proceeding to the cruelty of a tyrant, who used to tie a living person to a dead carcass; and as to your hero's debauchery, there are, I am told, many pleasant instances of it.

Add to these several subordinate qualifications; such as foppery, a surprizing alacrity to get into scrapes, with a notable facility of extricating himself, an amazing turn for politicks, a wonderful knowledge of herbs, minerals and plants, and to crown all, a comfortable share of gentle dulness. This gentle dulness is not that impenetrable stupidity, which is remarkable in some men, but it is known by that countenance, which Dr. Garth calls, "demurely meek, insipidly serene." It is known by a brisk volubility of speech, a lively manner of saying nothing through an entire paper, and upon all occasions by a conscious simper, short insertions of witty remarks, the frequent exclamation of wonder, the self-applauding chit-chat, and the pleasant repartee.

Upon the whole, dear Smart, I cannot conceive what doubt can remain in your mind about the publication; it is conferring on him that ridicule, which his life, character, and actions deserve. I shall be in town in less than a fortnight, when I shall bring your poem with me, and if you will give me leave, I will help you to some notes, which I think will illustrate many passages.

—— " Satyrarum ego, (ni pudet illas)
Adjutor, &c. 11 7 19 Juv.

I am, dear Smart,

Yours very sincerely,

* * * * *

Cambridge, 21st Dec. 1752.

P R O-



PROLEGOMENA

TO THE

HILLIA D.



PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HILL

PROLOGUE

E X T R A C T
FROM A
PAPER called the IMPERTINENT.

Published Aug. 13, 1752.

Written by Dr. HILL.

THERE are men who write because they have wit; there are those who write because they are hungry: There are some of the modern authors who have a constant fund of both these causes; and there are who will write, although they are not instigated either by the one or by the other. The first are all spirit; the second are all earth; the third disclose more life, or more vapidity, as the one or the other cause prevails; and for the last, having neither the one nor the other, principle for the cause, they shew neither the one nor the other character in the effect: But begin, continue, and end; as if they had neither begun, continued, nor ended at all.

Of the first one sees an instance in Fielding; Smart with equal right stands foremost among the second; of the third, the mingled wreath belongs to Hill; and for the fourth, none who has been curious enough to read the college oration in honour of physic, and in defamation of quacks and quackery, will dare to dispute the pre-eminence with Sir William Brown.

Those of the first rank are the most capricious, and the most lazy of all animals: The monkey genius would rarely exert itself, if even idleness innate did not give way to the superior love of mischief. The ass that character the second is as laborious, and as dull, and as indefatigable as he is empty: Stranger to the caprice of genius, he knows none of its risings or its fall; but he wears a ridiculous comicalness of aspect, that makes people smile when they see him at a distance: His mouth opens, because he must be fed; and the world oftens joins with the philosopher in laughing at the insensibility and obstinacy that make him prick his lips with thistles.

E X T R A C T

E X T R A C T
FROM THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

For August 1751. Page 387.

THE Impertinent, printed [in the manner of the Rambler,] for J. Bouquet, price two-pence. To have been continued every Thursday. Of this piece, Dr. Hill, in his Inspector of the Tuesday following, says. "Of all the periodical pieces set up in vain during the last eighteen months, I shall mention only the most pert, the most pretending, and short lived of any. I have in vain sent to Mr. Bouquet for the second number of the Impertinent. There must have been indignation superior even to curiosity, in the sentence passed on this assuming piece, and the public deserves applause of the highest kind, for having crushed in the bud so threatening a mischief. It will be in vain to accuse the town either of patronizing dullness, or ill-nature, while this instance can be produced, in which a load of personal satire could not procure purchasers enough to promote a second number. It will not be easy to say too much in favour of that candour, which has rejected, and despised a piece that cruelly and unjustly attack'd Mr. Smart, &c."—This character of the Impertinent, and an account of its reception, however quaint, and inaccurate the expressions, as they are indisputably just, might be thought a sufficient gratification of public curiosity; but there is yet an interesting anecdote behind with which 'the world has a right to be acquainted.'—The man who thus resents the cruel treatment of Mr. Smart in the Inspector, and he who thus cruelly treated him in the Impertinent, is known to be the same. The worthy and ingenious Dr. Hill, who every day obliges the world with a moral, or a philosophical essay; and on Saturday with a lecture on religion, is the scribber who published the load of personal abuse, that excited the indignation of the public, and produced the most pert, assuming, and short lived of all the periodical pieces which have lately appeared; and in this abuse and pertness, he would probably have persisted till the work had swelled to a volume; but that the contempt, and indignation with which his attempt was treated, discouraged him from risking the necessary expence of paper and printing, and induced him to join in the public censure, as a detected felon, when he is pursued, cries out stop thief, and hopes to escape in the croud that follows him.

A N

Mr. SMART Deput to Dr. HILL.
For his PRAISES.

Saturday, March 21st, 1792. Inspector, Number VI at the Close of the
Year.

AN
M

Accurate and Impartial STATE

OF THE
W
A C C O U N T

BETWEEN

Mr. SMART and Dr. HILL.

Mr. SMART Debtor to Dr. HILL,
For his PRAISES.

Saturday, March 9th, 1751. Inspector, Number VI. at the Close of the
Essay.

“ **M**R. J. D——. spoke an excellent * prologue, and this lady an epilogue,
“ hardly at all inferior to it ; the least we can say in regard to this part of the
“ performance, is, that they both deserved all the applause they received on their de-
“ livering them.”

Tuesday, April 14th, 1752. Inspector Number 350.

“ **W**E find Mr. Smart, a person of real and of great genius, in a late poem on
“ one of the attributes of the supreme being, in the midst of passages that
“ would have done honour to many an ancient, talking of shrubs of amber, as if that
“ mineral substance had been a plant growing at the bottom of the sea.”

* This prologue and epilogue were written by Mr. Smart.

Thursday,

PER CONTRA Creditor,
For his ABUSE.

Thursday, August 13th, 1752. Impertinent, Number I. and last.

Wednesday the 6th of December, 1752. Inspector Number 543.

“ **T**HERE is one Smart also, against whose severity I have still less to plead—
“ ’twas I that introduced him to the world—his * Bookseller took him into
“ salary on my approbation of the specimens which he offered.—I betrayed him
“ into the profession, and having starved upon it, he has a right to abuse me.—I am
“ afraid I have since been guilty of saying that he had genius,—has he not reason to
“ make me the hero of a Dunciad ?”

Thursday, December 7th, 1752. Number 544. The whole Inspector.

* “ Whereas the Inspector in his paper of the 7th instant, has confidently asserted, that he
“ recommended Mr. Smart to me, and made us acquainted; I think it my duty to undeceive
“ the publick, and contradict an assertion so absolutely false.

“ The truth is—Dr. Hill (the supposed author of the Inspector) called at my house one
“ Sunday in the afternoon, about six months after Mr. Smart and I had been concerned
“ together in business, and expressed a desire of being made known to him. As Mr. Smart
“ was then above stairs, I brought them together, when the doctor complimented him on
“ his writings, and gave both him and me an invitation to his house, which was never com-
“ plied with. By the manner of their addressing each other they appeared to be absolute
“ strangers, and after the doctor was gone, Mr. Smart told me he had never seen Dr. Hill
“ before.

“ I farther declare, that to the best of my knowledge and belief, Mr. Smart never wrote
“ any thing for hire, nor did he ever sell me any copy of his that I have published.

“ St. Paul’s Church-Yard,
“ December 9, 1752.

JOHN NEWBERRY.”

Mr.

Mr. SMART Debtor to Dr. HILL,
For his PRAISES.

The Monthly Review for August, 1752.

AFTER bestowing some very high encomiums on the Penhurst of an unknown author, the Church-yard elegy of Mr. Gray, and the Elfrida of Mr. Mason, he adds; "Last in the point of time, but not last in any other consideration, stands Mr. Smart, the author of many entertaining pieces, and of the collection of miscellaneous poems, whose publication has given the immediate occasion to these observations."

Having said that the quantity of matter contained in his works, is not perhaps equal to the price at which it is set, he a few lines after asserts that, "A man of judgment and taste would scarcely grudge the price of the whole for the single ode to Ill-nature, if he could not have it on other conditions."

Mr.

PER CONTRA, Creditor,
For his ABUSE.

The Monthly Review, August 1752.

“ THE author of these poems is yet young enough to form himself: he seems to
“ have been shamefully remiss on this head; and the alternative before him,
“ at this time, is certainly that of care on his own part; or the utmost severity of
“ censure on that of the world. Would one imagine, that the man we admire in
“ one of these pieces, is the same we can scarce pardon in another? Could one sup-
“ pose, that, in the compass of so few pages, the same writer shall make us applaud
“ with the sincerest warmth, and condemn with no less reason? However, we hope
“ this ingenious gentleman will understand this freedom as admonition rather than
“ censure: it is intended so; for it were injustice to suppose that to be want of
“ genius, which is indolence alone, or inattention.

On Mr. Smart's dedication, Dr. Hill has the following remark, “ The man who
“ could produce such lines as these, seems to hold the taste and spirit of his patron
“ at but a low rate, when he supposes any consideration could be of superior power to
“ recommend him to his protection. When we see what that superior consideration
“ is, it is not easy to believe that the poet meant any thing but raillery.

“ We are not so blinded by the beauties of the Ode, as not to see that the word
“ *æstrum*, though of real and appropriated meaning, is chargeable with awkwardness
“ and affectation, as introduced in this place: nevertheless the consideration of its
“ expressing the sense of the author much more fully and emphatically than any
“ word in our language could have done, is to be allowed a plea in great palliation,
“ if not in absolute justification of the liberty of using it. Nor can the poetic ear
“ allow the unmeasured harshness of the epithet, time-deflower'd, as it stands printed;
“ the line either wants a syllable, or what is worse, the epithet, from two syllables,
“ deflower'd is to be stretched into four, deflowered; a poor expedient, favouring of
“ those shifts which poets are often reduced to, who, for want of genius, or fondness
“ for an already nearly-finished line, cannot, or will not, alter or improve it.

“ The pieces in Latin verse, though accurate enough, and not wholly destitute of
“ elegance and smoothness, bear no comparison in matter or form with the English.
“ It is an * idle attempt, and favours more of industry than genius, to write in a lan-
“ guage in which we can make no figure.

* An idle attempt, that favours of industry—What propriety of language have we here!

Mr. SMART Debtor to Dr. HILL,
For his PRAISES.

“ Mr. Smart begun early to feel the fire of this enthusiastic passion. His twelfth
“ ode, he tells us, was written when he was no more than thirteen, yet there is a
“ vast deal of the true spirit of poetry, and, what is more wonderful at such an age,
“ of elegance in it.

“ We have mentioned the second ode as a very fine one ; it would be injustice to
“ the first not to acknowledge that it is very elegant.”

Speaking

PER CONTRA, Creditor,
For his ABUSE.

“ The eleventh Ode is an epithalamium. Pieces of this kind are generally indifferent performances, and this is not one of the best of them. It is an irregular and unmeasured ode, pretty much like one of those which it was an age ago, a fashion with writers who were acquainted with nothing but the irregularity of the length of lines in Pindar, (but not with the latent connexion and concert even in that) to call Pindaric. These things are like birth-day odes; they all seem to set out alike.

“ Descend, descend, ye sweet Aonian maids,

“ Did any epithalamiaft ever begin otherwise? was ever the repetition more spirited, or the epithet more sugared, or more appropriated?

“ Leave the Parnassian shades,

“ The joyful Hymeneal fmg;

“ And to a lovelier belle,

“ Than fiction e'er devised, or eloquence can tell,

“ Your vocal tributes bring.

“ Not to say any thing of the court-like dialect, in which the author talks of belle, to these people of the other world, what a use is made of the word tell, to form a jingle that is hardly rhyme after all?”

“ And you, ye winged choristers that fly,

“ In all the pensile gardens of the sky,

“ Chant thro' th' enamel'd grove.

“ If one were in a humour to be impertinently inquisitive about these pensile gardens of the firmament, to ask how many there are of them, or in what part of each these enamel'd groves grow, what would the author have to say for himself; but it is not necessary. Does not the reader recollect Dean Swift's love-song, Fluttering spread thy purple pinions, &c. ? If he does, there needs no farther comment on this passage.

“ Fragrant Flora, queen of May,

“ All bedight with garlands gay,

“ Where in the smooth-shaven green.

Mr. S M A R T Debtor to Dr. H I L L,
For his P R A I S E S.

Speaking of the Latin poems, he says, " these are not indeed without beauties,
" and those very conspicuous ones in some parts, and in most the author is expressed
" justly, if not elegantly in all *.

* The very slight manner, in which the doctor passes over these Latin pieces, is a sufficient
proof of his being (what some have censured Mr. Smart for calling him) an illiterate hire-
ling.

" As

PER CONTRA, Creditor,
For his ABUSE.

“ How prettily these pilferings of the Miltonian epithets follow one another; and
“ how happily are they connected with the rest of the pieces to which they are so
“ very like ! The infantine stile, the easy alertness of Philips, how happily are they
“ here transplanted from the lips of a baby to the bed of a river ?

Two pages after, Dr. Hill says, “ If our poet is chargeable with any fault in his
“ better pieces, it is the being too free with the beauties of all other English writers.
“ He is the boldest borrower we shall meet with among the men of real genius. He
“ frequently uses, without scruple, the peculiar epithets of Pope, but much more those
“ of Milton ; and one sometimes fees more than their words, their very chain of thought
“ taken in this free manner. Such thoughts and expressions will always please in the
“ abstract ; but when we recollect from whence they are taken, we shall not do any
“ great honour to the borrower.

“ And the rivulet between
“ Whispers, murmurs, sings,
“ As it stops, or falls or springs.
“ There spread a sofa of the softest flowers.

On the last line the doctor has the following remark, “ Every bellman could have
“ said couch ; but how elegantly does the court stile again disclose itself here ?

“ There let the bridegroom stay,
“ There let him hate the light and curse the day,
“ And dun the tardy hours.

“ We know not, says the doctor, whether the metaphor of the last line is more
“ polite or more expressive.

“ Now see the bridegroom rise,
“ Oh ! how impatient are his joys !

The doctor's remark on these lines, is only the following exclamation, “ Oh !
“ how expressively are they painted !

“ At last he springs, he flies into her arms,
“ With joy intense
“ Feeds ev'ry sense,
“ And sultanates o'er all her charms.

“ But

Mr. S M A R T Debtor to Dr. H I L L,
For his P R A I S E S.

“ As to the English poems, we have observed that the first ode is full of elegance ;
“ and the second is full of force. The last lines in most of the stanzas in the first
“ ode, is remarkably beautiful and expressive : in the others the images are all well
“ chosen and highly painted ; and the conclusion is very fine and spirited.

PER CONTRA, Creditor,
For his ABUSE.

“ But what ! some cold, untravelled, and unread reader will exclaim, what is that
“ sultanates ? a very pompous word, and never before introduced into our own, or
“ any other language,

“ With wrath far heard,
“ She shuns the bard,
“ And Billingsgates o’er all the field.

“ are lines it must be allowed, of the incomparable Sir Richard Blackmore. The re-
“ semblance, however, is not enough to take away the originality of Mr. Smart’s
“ sultanate : but perhaps it will not be so easy to excuse him from the charge of hav-
“ ing borrowed the thought from Gorgias, celebrated many ages ago by Longinus,
“ for having called Xerxes the Jupiter of the Persians.

“ To be serious, these things are not magnificent and great, as their authors in-
“ tend them, but bloated and bombastic. Phrases thus embarrassed with unnatural
“ ideas, disturb and spoil, instead of elevating the expression ; and the forced man-
“ ner in which they are introduced is sure to give us disgust.

“ The lines which succeed are too low for criticism,”

“ O had I Virgil’s comprehensive strain,
“ Or sung like Pope, without a word in vain,
“ Then should I hope my numbers might contain,
“ Egregious nymph, thy boundless happiness !
“ How arduous to express.

“ Astonishing ! is it possible the man could be the author of these lines, who was
“ capable of concluding the excellent Ode on Ill-nature, with

Next comes illiberal scrambling avarice, &c.

“ The Hop-garden is a Georgic, intended after the plan and manner of Virgil,
“ but there is a very unfortunate error in the form : it is in blank verse, for we can
“ hardly call it Miltonic, though the author does. It is that sort of verse which the
“ laziness of the writer has robbed of the jingle of the last syllables, without adding
“ to it that dignity of language, or variety of pauses, which make us rather rejoice in
“ the absence of those fetters, than regret the want of the sound, in the author from
“ whom the species is named : it would be difficult to assign any other cause for
“ the

Mr. SMART Debtor to Dr. HILL,

For his PRAISES.

“ It would be contradicting our former assertion, and contradicting truth, to say
“ that Mr. Smart wants genius to have made this poem * equal to any of the same
“ kind.

“ There are a great many truly poetical strokes in it, and whole pages that abound
“ with beauty.

“ Mr. Smart has not injudiciously closed with it †, and we are glad that he gives
“ us an opportunity of concluding as we set out, to his advantage. There is not
“ much in the plan or design of this piece : but what the author has proposed he has
“ executed in a masterly manner. There is great elegance, for nothing more is
“ intended, in most part of the versification : nor are there any of those glaring inac-
“ curacies in it, which disgrace some of the other pieces.—The description of Midas’s
“ following Pan is full of poetry as well as spirit.—The address of Timolus, to the
“ inanimate things about him, on the approach of the Gods, has great dignity and
“ propriety, as well as beauty in it.—The first stanza of the song of Pan has great
“ softness and an elegant ease in it.

* The Hop-garden.

† The Judgment of Midas.

“ Enough

PER CONTRA, Creditor.
For his ABUSE.

“ the omission of rhyme in this piece, since there does not seem so much as an attempt to any of those graces, which not only support, but in a manner render it necessary.

“ ——— But it would be as gross a contradiction to our understanding, not to perceive that application was greatly wanting.

“ It is not only that many of the verses are rough ; but no small number of them want a foot in measure : unless we are to be obliged, for the making it up, to an extension of words by no means consonant with custom, much less with the dignity of a poem in this form.

“ ——— But these are only a few fine flowers, appearing here and there in an uncultivated field, over-run with nettles and briars.

“ The speech of Neptune, with which the author closes the poem, gave him an opportunity of emulating the dignity of his divine original in the speeches of the angels : but mark how he closes it.

————— France

Shall bow the neck to Cantium's peerless offspring,
And as the oak reigns lordly o'er the shrub,
So shall the hop have homage from the vine.

“ That is, we suppose, claret shall confess itself a meaner liquor than two-penny, by as many degrees as there are between an oak and a gooseberry-bush *.”

* This is one of the highest strokes of the Doctor's humour — and this piece of criticism may give a very adequate idea of that *learned, impartial, judicious, ingenious, useful* work — call'd the MONTHLY REVIEW.

(18)

Mr. SMART, Debtor to Dr. HILL,
For his PRAISES.

“ Enough will be seen in these, and the other specimens, selected from the more
“ finished of these pieces to justify us in giving Mr. Smart a place among the first of
“ the present race of English poets. If the censure, which it is the character of this
“ work to bestow as freely as its praises, shall warn him to be more attentive to the
“ finishing his works for the future, there is no doubt of his becoming equal to most
“ who have done honour to the last, or the preceding age.”

Due on the BALANCE to the INSPECTOR,

T H E H I L L I A D,

An Heroic POEM.

Bedford Coffee-House, Jan. 16, 1753.

RECEIVED then of * one Smart, the first book of the HILLIAD, in part of
payment, for the many and great obligations he is under to me.

his
The + INSPECTOR.
mark

Witness

{ QUINBUS FLESTRIN,
{ GABRIEL GRIFFIN.

* See Inspector, Number 543.

T H E

T H E H I L L I A D.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THOU God of jest, who o'er th' ambrosial bowl,
Giv'st joy to Jove, while laughter shakes the pole;
And thou, fair Justice, of immortal line,
Hear, and assist the poet's grand design,

NOTES VARIORUM.

Thou God of jest.] As the design of heroic poetry is to celebrate the virtues and noble achievements of truly great personages, and to conduct them through a series of hardships to the completion of their wishes, so the little epic delights in representing, with an ironical drollery, the mock qualities of those, who for the benefit of the laughing part of mankind, are pleased to become egregiously ridiculous, in an affected imitation of the truly renowned worthies above-mentioned. Hence our poet calls upon Momus, at the first opening of his poem, to convert his hero into a jest. So that, in the present case, it cannot be said, *facit indignatio versum*, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *facit titillatio versum*; which may serve to shew our author's temper of mind is free from rancour, or ill-nature. Notwithstanding the great incentives he has had to prompt him to this undertaking, he is not actuated by the spirit of revenge; and to check the fallies of fancy and humourous invention, he further invokes the goddess Themis, to administer strict, poetic justice.

Shakes the pole.] Several cavils have been raised against this passage. QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the unborn poet, is of opinion that it is brought in merely to eke out a verse; but though in many points I am inclined to look upon this critick as irrefragable, I must beg leave at present to appeal from his verdict; and, though Horace

Who aims at triumph by no common ways,
But on the stem of dulness grafts the bays.

5

O thou, whatever name delight thine ear,
Pimp! Poet! Puffer! 'Pothecary! Play'r!

NOTES VARIORUM.

lays it down as a rule not to admire any thing, I cannot help enjoying to pleasing an operation of the mind upon this occasion. We are here presented with a grand idea, no less than Jupiter shaking his sides and the heavens at the same time. The Pagan thunderer has often been said to agitate the pole with a nod, which in my mind gives too awful an image, whereas the one in question conveys an idea of him in good humour, and confirms what Mr. Orator Henley says in his excellent tracts, that "the deity is a joyous being."

MARTINUS MACULARIUS,
M. D. Reg. Soc. Bur. &c. Soc.

Grafts the bays,] Much puzzle hath been occasioned among the naturalists concerning the engraftment here mentioned. HILL's natural history of trees and plants, vol. 52, page 336 saith, it hath been frequently attempted, but that the tree of dulness will not admit any such inoculation. He adds in page 339, that he himself tried the experiment for two years successively, but that the twig of laurel, like a feather in the state of electricity, drooped and died the moment he touched it. Notwithstanding this authority, it is well known that this operation has been performed by some choice spirits. ERASMUS in his encomium on folly shews how it may be accomplished; in our own times POPE and GARTH found means to do the same: and in the sequel of this work, we make no doubt but the stem here-mentioned will bear some luxuriant branches, like the tree in VIRGIL,

*Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad Cælum ramis felicibus arbor,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua Poma.*

Pimp,] An old English word for a mean fellow; see CHAUCER and SPENCER.

Poet,] QUINBUS FLESTRIN saith, with his usual importance, that this is the only piece of justice done to our hero in this work. To this assents the widow at Cuper's, who it seems is not a little proud of the "words by Dr. Hill, and the musick by "Lewis Granon, Esq;." This opinion is further confirmed by major England, who admires the pretty turns on Kitty, and Kate, and Catherine and Katy, but from these venerable authorities, judicious Reader, you may boldly dissent, *meo periculo*.

MART. MAC.

Puffer,] Of this talent take a specimen. In a letter to himself he saith; "you have discovered many of the beauties of the ancients; they are obliged to you; we are obliged to you; were they alive they would thank you; we who are alive do thank you." His constant custom of running on in this manner, occasioned the following epigram,

HILL

Whose baseless fame by vanity is buoy'd,
 Like the huge earth self-center'd in the void,
 Accept one part'ner thy own worth t'explore,
 And in thy praise be singular no more.

Say, Muse, what Dæmon, foe to ease and truth,
 First from the mortar dragg'd th' adventrous youth,
 And made him, 'mongst the scribbling sons of men,
 Change peace for war, the pestle for the pen?

NOTES VARIORUM.

Hill puffs himself, forbear to chide;
 An insect vile and mean,
 Must first, he knows, be magnify'd
 Before it can be seen.

[*'Pothebary, Play'r.*] For both these vide WOODWARD's letter, *passim*.
 [*Like the huge earth,*] The allusion here seems to be taken from OVID, who describes the earth fixed in the air, by its own stupidity, or *vis inertiae*: —

*Pendeat in aere tellus,
 Ponderibus librata suis.* —

But, reader, dilate your imagination to take in the much greater idea our poet here presents to you: consider the immense inanity of space, and then the comparative nothingness of the globe, and you may attain an adequate conception of our hero's reputation, and the mighty basis it stands upon. It is worth observing here, that our author, *quasi aliud agens*, displays at one touch of his pen more knowledge of the planetary system, than is to be found in all the volumes of the mathematicians.

This note is partly by Macularius, and partly by Mr. Jinkyns, Philomath.

[*Say Muse*] Observe, gentle reader, how tenderly our author treats his hero throughout his whole poem; he does not here impute his ridiculous conduct, and all that train of errors which have attended his consummate vanity, to his own perverse inclination, but with great candour insinuates that some Dæmon, foe to Hillario's repose, first misled his youthful imagination; which is a kind of apology for his life and character. He is not the only one who has been seduced to his ruin in this manner. We read it in POPE,

Some

Twas on a day (O may that day appear
 No more, but lose it's station in the year,
 In the new style be not it's name enroll'd,
 But share annihilation with the old!) 20
 A tawny Sybil, whose alluring song,
 Decoy'd the 'prentices and maiden throng,
 First from the counter young HILLARIO charm'd,
 And first his unambitious soul alarm'd —
 An old strip'd curtain cross her arms was flung, 25
 And tatter'd tap'stry o'er her shoulders hung;

NOTES VARIORUM.

Some Dæmon whisper'd Visto have a taste.

Hence then arise our hero's misfortunes; and that the Dæmon above-mentioned was a foe to truth, will appear from Hillario's notable talent at misrepresenting circumstances, for which vide all the INSPECTORS.

May that day appear,] This seems to be wrote with an eye to a beautiful passage in a very elegant poem;

Ye Gods annihilate both space and time,
 And make two lovers happy. —

The request is extremely modest, and I really wonder it was never complied with; but it must be said in favour of Mr. Smart, that he is still more reasonable in his demand, and it appears by the alteration in the stile, that his scheme may be reduced to practice though the other is mighty fine in theory. The INSPECTOR is of this opinion, and so is Monsieur de Scaizau.

A tatter'd tap'stry] Our Author has been extremely negligent upon this occasion, and has indolently omitted an opportunity of displaying his talent for poetick imagery. HOMER has describ'd the shield of Achilles with all the art of his imagination; VIRGIL has followed him in this point, and indeed both he and OVID, seem to be delighted when they have either a picture to describe, or some representation in the labours of the loom. Hence arises a double delight; we admire the work of the artificer, and the poet's account of it; and this pleasure Mr. Smart might have impress'd upon his readers in this passage, as many things were wrought into the tapestry here-mentioned. In one part our hero was administering to a patient, “ and the fresh vomit

“ runs

Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
 That more than spoke diversity of dirt ;
 With age her back was double and awry,
 Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye, 30
 Cold palsy shook her head---she seem'd at most
 A living corps, or an untimely ghost,
 With voice far-fetch'd from hollow throat profound,
 And more than mortal was th' infernal sound.

" Sweet boy, who seem'st for glorious deeds design'd, " 35
 " O come and leave that clyster-pipe behind ;
 " Cross this prophetic hand with silver coin,
 " And all the wealth and fame, I have, is thine---
 She said --- he (for what stripling cou'd withstand?)
 Straight with his ONLY six-pence grac'd her hand. 40

NOTES VARIORUM.

" runs for ever green." The theatre at May-fair made a conspicuous figure in the piece—the pit seemed to rise in an uproar,—the gallery opened its rude throats—and apples, oranges and half-pence flew about our hero's ears.—The mall in St. James's park was displayed in a beautiful Vista, and you might perceive Hillario with his janty air wadling along.—In Mary le Bone fields, he was dancing round a glow worm, and finally the rotunda at Ranelagh filled the eye with its magnificence, and in a corner of it stood a handsome young fellow holding a personage, dressed in blue silk, by the ear ; " the very worsted still look'd black and blue." There were many other curious figures, but out of a shameful laziness has our poet omitted them.

POLYMETIS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

And now the precious fury all her breast
 At once invaded, and at once possess'd ;
 Her eye was fixt in an extatic stare,
 And on her head uprose th' astonish'd hair :
 No more her colour, or her looks the same,
 But moonstruck madness quite convuls'd her frame,
 While, big with fate, again the silence broke,
 And in few words voluminously spoke.

" In these three lines athwart thy palm I see,
 " Either a tripod, or a triple-tree,
 " For Oh ! I ken by mysteries profound,
 " Too light to sink thou never can'st be drown'd---
 " Whate'er thy end, the fates are now at strife,
 " Yet strange variety shall check thy life---
 " Thou grand dictator of each publick show,
 " Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau,

NOTES VARIORUM.

Th' astonish'd hair :] This passage seems to be an imitation of the Sybil in the sixth book of VIRGIL ;

Subito non vultus, non color unus

Nec comptæ mansere comæ.—

and is admirably expressive of the witch's prophetic fury, and ushers in the prediction of Hillario's fortune with proper solemnity.—

This note is by one of the Æolists, mentioned with honour in the Tale of a Tub.

“ Survey man’s vice, self-prais’d, and self-prefer’d,
 “ And be th’ INSPECTOR of th’ infected herd ;
 “ By any means aspire at any ends,
 “ Baseness exalts, and cowardice defends,
 “ The checquer’d world’s before thee--go--farewell,
 “ Beware of Irishmen --- and learn to spell,”

60

Here from her breast th’ inspiring fury flew,
 She ceas’d—and instant from his sight withdrew.
 Fir’d with his fate, and conscious of his worth,
 The beardless wight prepar’d to fall forth.
 But first (’twas just, ’twas natural to grieve)
 He sigh’d and took a soft pathetic leave.

65

NOTES VARIORUM.

Be th’ INSPECTOR, &c.] When the Distemper first raged among the horned cattle, the king and council ordered a certain officer to super-intend the beasts, and to direct that such, as were found to be infected, should be knocked in the head. This officer was called the INSPECTOR, and from thence I would venture to lay a wager, our hero derived his title.

BENTLEY, Junior.

Beware of Irishmen, &c.] It is extremely probable that our poet is intimately acquainted with the classics ; he seems frequently to have them in his eye, and such an air of enthusiasm runs through this whole speech, that the learned reader may easily perceive he has taken fire at some of the prophecies in HOMER and VIRGIL.—The whole is delivered in breaks, and unconnected transitions, which denote vehement emotions in the mind ; and the hint here concerning the Irish is perfectly in the manner of all great epic poets, who generally give the reader some idea of what is to ensue, without unfolding the whole. Thus we find in VIRGIL,

*Bella, horrida bella,
 Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.*

and again,

Alius latio tibi partus Achilles.

And in the sequel of this work, I believe, it will be found, that as Æneas had another Achilles, so our hero has had as formidable an adversary.

E

Farewel,

" Farewel, a long farewel to all my drugs,
 " My labell'd vials, and my letter'd jugs;
 " And you, ye bearers of no trivial charge
 " Where all my Latin stands inscrib'd at large;
 " Ye jars, ye gallipots, and draw'rs adieu,
 " Be to my memory lost, as lost to view,
 " And ye, whom I so oft have joy'd to wipe,
 " Th' ear-lifting fyringe, and back-piercing pipe,
 " Farewel---my day of glory's on the dawn,
 " And now,---Hillario's occupation's gone."

70

75

Quick with the word his way the hero made,
 Conducted by a glorious cavalcade;
 Pert Petulance, the first attracts his eye,
 And drowsy Dulness slowly saunters by,
 With Malice old, and Scandal ever new,
 And neutral Nonsense, neither false nor true.

80

NOTES VARIORUM.

Farewel, a long farewel,] The ingenious Mr. L—der says that the following passage is taken from a work, which he intends shortly to publish by subscription, and he has now in the press a pamphlet, called " Mr. Smart's Use and Abuse of the Moderns." But, with his leave, this passage is partly imitated from Cardinal Woolsey's speech, and from Othello.

M. MACULARIUS.

Neutral nonsense, &c] The train, here described, is worthy of Hillario, pertness, dulness, scandal and malice, &c. being the very constituents of an hero for the mock heroic, and it is not without propriety that nonsense is introduced with the epithet, neutra; nonsense, being like a Dutchman, not only in an unmeaning stupidity, but

in

Infernal Falshood next approach'd the band

With *** and the koran in her hand.

85

Her motley vesture with the leopard vies,

Stain'd with a foul variety of lies.

Next spiteful Enmity, gangren'd at heart,

Presents a dagger and conceals a dart.

On th' earth crawls Flatt'ry with her bosom bare,

90

And Vanity fails over him in air.

NOTES VARIORUM.

in the art of preserving a strict neutrality. This neutrality may be aptly explained by the following epigram,

Word-valiant wight, thou great he shrew,
That wrangles to no end;
Since nonsense is nor false nor true,
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

Falshood,] This lady is described with two books in her hand, but our author chusing to preserve a neutrality, though not a nonsensical one, upon this occasion, the Tories are at liberty to fill up this blank with Rapin, Burnet, or any names that will fit the niches; and the Whigs may, if they please insert Echard, Higgons, &c. But why, exclaimeth a certain critic, should falshood be given to Hillario?—Because, replieth Macularius, he has given many specimens of his talent that way. Our hero took it into his head some time since to tell the world that he caned a gentleman, whom he called by the name of Mario; what degree of faith the town gave him upon that occasion, may be collected from the two following lines, by a certain wag who shall be nameless.

To beat one man great Hill was fated;
What man?—a man that he created.

The following epigram may be also properly inserted here.

What H—ll one day says, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells us—'tis all a damn'd lye:
Dear Doctor—this candour from you is not wanted;
For why shou'd you own it? 'tis taken for granted.

Crawls Flatt'ry, &c.] Our hero is as remarkable for his encomiums, where it is his interest to commend, as for his abuse, where he has taken a dislike; but from the

Such was the groupe—they bow'd and they ador'd,
And hail'd Hillario for their sovereign lord.

Flush'd with success, and proud of his allies,
Th' exulting hero, thus triumphant cries.

95

“ Friends, brethren, ever present, ever dear,

“ Home to my heart, nor quit your title there,

“ While you approve, assist, instruct, inspire,

“ Heat my young blood, and set my soul on fire;

“ No foreign aid my daring pen shall chuse,

100

“ But boldly versify without a Muse.

“ I'll teach Minerva, I'll inspire the Nine,

“ Great Phœbus shall in consultation join,

“ And round my nobler brow his forfeit laurel twine.

}

NOTES VARIORUM.

the latter he is easily to be bought off, as may be seen in the following excellent epigram.

An author's writings oft reveal,
Where now and then he takes a meal.
Invite him once a week to dinner,
He'll saint you, tho' the veriest sinner.
Have you a smiling, vacant face,
He gives you soul, expression, grace.
Swears what you will, unswears it too;
What will not beef and pudding do?

Without a muse, &c.] No! the devil a-bit!—I am the only person that can do that!—My poems, written at fifteen, were done without the assistance of any Muse, and better than all Smart's poetry.—The Muses are strumpets—they frequently give an intellectual *Gonorrhœa*—Court debt not paid—I'll never be poet laureate.—Coup de grace unanswerable—Our foes shall knuckle, and buckle, and truckle, and all our friends shall checkle and chuckle—five pounds to any bishop that will equal this—

Gum

He said---and Clamour of Commotion born, 105
 Rear'd to the skies her ear-afflicting horn,
 While JARGON grav'd his titles on a block,
 And styl'd him M. D. Acad. Budig. Soc.

But now the harbingers of fate and fame
 Signs, omens, prodigies, and portents came. 110
 Lo! (though mid-day) the grave Athenian fowl,
 Eyed the bright fun, and hail'd him with an howl,
 Moths, mites, and maggots, fleas, (a numerous crew!)
 And gnats and grubworms crouded on his view,

NOTES VARIORUM.

Gum guaiacum Latin for *lignum vitæ*.—Adam the first Dutchman—victorious stroke for Old England—Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

Oratory-Right-Reason-Chapel, Saturday
 13th of January, and old-style for-ever.

[*Jargon grav'd, &c.*] JARGON is here properly introduced gravng our hero's titles, which are admirably brought into verse, but the gentleman who wrote the last note, Mr. Orator H—ley, takes umbrage at this passage, and exclaimeth to the following effect. “Jargon is meant for me.” There is more music in a peal of marrowbones and cleavers than in these verses.—I am a logician upon fundamentals.—A rationalist, —lover of *mankande*, Glastonberry thorn,—huzza, boys.—Wit a vivacious command of all objects and ideas.—I am the only wit in Great Britain. See Oratory tracts, &c. 10036.”

Patience, good Mr. Orator! We are not at leisure to answer thee at present, but must observe that *Jargon* has done more for our hero, than ever did the society at Bourdeaux, as will appear from the following extract of a letter sent to MARTINUS MACULARIUS, by a fellow of that society.

J'ai bien reçue la lettre, dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur le 12me passé. A l'Égard de ce Monsieur Hillario, qui se vante si prodigieusement chez vous, je ne trouve pas qu'il est enrollé dans notre société, & son nom est parfaitement inconnu ici. J'espère de vos nouvelles, &c.

[*Moths, mites, &c.*] The important objects of his future speculations!
 O would the sons of men once think their eyes,
 And reason given 'em but to study flies.

M. MACULARIUS.

Dulness

Insects! without the microscopic aid, 115
 Gigantic by the eye of Dulness made!
 And stranger still---and never heard before!
 A wooden lion roar'd, or seem'd to roar.
 But (what the most his youthful bosom warm'd,
 Heighten'd each hope and every fear disarm'd) 120
 On an high dome a damsel took her stand,
 With a well-freighted jordan in her hand,
 Where curious mixtures strove on every side,
 And solids sound with laxer fluids vied ---
 Lo! on his crown the lotion choice and large, 125
 She foused---and gave at once a full discharge.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Dulness made] This passage may be properly illustrated by a recollection of two lines in Mr. POPE's essay on criticism.

As things seem large which we thro' mists discern,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Wooden lion roar'd,] Not the black lion in Salisbury court, Fleet-street, where the New Craftsman is published, nor yet the red lion at Brentford, but the beast of the Bedford, who may be truly said to have been alive, when animated by Addison and Steel, though now reduced to that state of Blockheadism, which is so conspicuous in his master. *Ficulnus, in utile lignum!*

BENTLEY, Junior.

A full discharge,] Reader do not turn up your nose at this passage! it is much more decent than POPE's—Recollect what SWIFT says, that a nice man has filthy ideas, and let it be considered this discharge may have the same effect upon our hero, as a similar accident had upon a personage of equal parts and genius.

Renew'd

Not Archimedes, when with conscious pride,
 I'VE FOUND IT OUT! I'VE FOUND IT OUT! he cry'd,
 Not costive bardlings, when a rhyme comes pat,
 Not grave Grimalkin when she smells a rat:
 Not the shrewd statesman, when he scents a plot,
 Not coy Prudelia, when she he knows what's what,
 Not our own hero, when (O matchless luck!)
 His keen discernment found another Duck.
 With such estatic transports did abound,
 As what he smelt and saw, and felt and found.
 " Ye Gods I thank ye to profusion free,
 " Thus to adorn and thus distinguish me,
 " And thou, fair Cloacina, whom I serve,
 " (If a desire to please, is to deserve,)

130

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NOTES VARIORUM.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd by magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises from th' effluvia strong,
 Imbibes new life and scours and stinks along.

POPE'S Dunciad.

Archimedes, &c.] As soon as the Philosopher here mentioned discovered the modern *Save-all*, and the *New-invented patent black-ball*, he threw down his pipe, and run all along Piccadilly, with his shirt out of his breeches, crying out like a madman, *ωρηκα! ωρηκα!* which in modern English is, the job is done! the job is done!

VETUS SCHOL.

Another Duck,] Hillario having a mind to celebrate and recommend a genius to the notice of the world, compares him to Stephen Duck, and at the close of a late *IN-SPECTOR*, crys out, " I have found another Duck, but who shall find a Caroline?"

Print

" To you I'll consecrate my future lays, 140

" And on the smoothest paper print my soft essays.

No more he spake; but slightly slid along,

Escorted by the miscellaneous throng.

And now, thou Goddess, whose fire-darting eyes,

Defy all distance and transpierce the skies, 145

To men the councils of the Gods relate,

And faithfully describe the grand debate.

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Print my soft essays,] Our hero for once has spoke truth of himself, for which we could produce the testimonies of several persons of distinction. Bath and Tunbridge-wells have upon many occasions testified their gratitude to him on this head, as his works have been always found of singular use with the waters of those places. To this effect also speaketh that excellent comedian, Mr. Henry Woodward, in an ingenious parody on *busy, curious, thirsty fly, &c.*

I.

Busy, curious, hungry Hill,
Write of me and write your fill.
Freely welcome to abuse,
Could'st thou tire thy railing muse.
Make the most of this you can,
Strife is short and life's a span.

II.

Both alike your works and pay,
Hasten quick to their decay,
This a trifle, those no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore.
Threescore volumes when they're writ,
Will appear at last b-----t.

And now, thou Goddess, &c.] This invocation is perfectly in the spirit of ancient poetry. If I may use Milton's words, our author here presumes into the heavens, an earthly guest, and draws empyreal air. Hence he calls upon the Goddess to assist his strain, while he relates the councils of the Gods. VIRGIL, when the plot thickens upon

The cloud-compelling thund'rer, at whose call
 The Gods assembled in th' ethereal hall,
 From his bright throne the deities address, 150
 " What impious noise disturbs our awful rest,
 " With din prophane assaults immortal ears,
 " And jars harsh discord to the tuneful spheres?
 " Nature, my hand-maid, yet without a stain,
 " Has never once productive prov'd in vain, 155
 " 'Till now---luxuriant and regardless quite
 " Of her divine, eternal rule of right,
 " On mere privation sh'as bestow'd a frame,
 " And dignify'd a nothing with a name,

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upon his hands, as Mr. Bayes has it, has offered up his prayers a second time to the Muse, and he seems to labour under the weight of his subject, when he cries out,

Majus opus moveo, major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

This is the case at present with the writer of the HILLIAD, and this piece of machinery will evince the absurdity of that Lucretian doctrine, which asserts that the Gods are wrapped up in a lazy indolence, and do not trouble themselves about human affairs. The words of Lucretius are,

*Omnis enim per se devum natura necesse est
 Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
 Semota a rebus nostris, disjunctaque longè.*

It is now recommended to the editors of the Anti-Lucretius to make use of this instance to the contrary in the next publication of that work.—

M. MACULARIUS.

" A wretch devoid of use, of sense and grace, 160

" Th' insolvent tenant of incumber'd space.

" Good is his cause, and just is his pretence,"

(Replies the God of theft and eloquence.)

" A hand mercurial, ready to convey,

" E'en in the presence of the garish day, 165

" The work an English classic late has writ,

" And by adoption be the fire of wit---

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Incumber'd space.] Jupiter's speech is full of pomp and solemnity, and is finely closed by a description of our hero, who is here said to take up a place in the creation to no purpose. What a different notion of the end of his existence has Hillario, from what we find delivered by the excellent Longinus in his treatise on the sublime. The passage is admirable, translated by the author of the pleasures of imagination. " The Godlike geniuses of Greece, were well-assured that nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory: she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Hence by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and much more than all the Ocean."—Instead of acting upon this plan, Hillario is employed in pursuit of insects in Kensington-gardens, and as this is all the gratitude he pays for the being conferred upon him, he is finely termed an Insolvent tenant.

By adoption be the fire, &c.] Our hero has taken an entire letter from Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne, and with inimitable effrontery published it in his *INSPECTOR*, No. 239. as a production of his own. We are informed that, having been taxed with this affair, he declares with a great deal of art, that it was given him by another person, to which all we have to say is, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

- “ Sure to be this is to be something---sure;
 “ Next to perform, 'tis glorious to procure.
 “ Small was th' exertion of my God-like soul, 170
 “ When privately Apollo's herd I stole,
 “ Compar'd to him, who braves th' all-seeing sun,
 “ And boldly bids th' astonish'd world look on.

Her approbation Venus next exprest,
 And on Hillario's part the throne address, 180

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Glorious to procure.] If our author could be thought capable of punning, I should imagine that the word *procure*, in this place, is made use of in reference to an appellation given to our hero in the commencement of this poem, viz. a *Pimp*, but the reader will please to recollect that the term *Pimp*, is not in that passage used in its modern acceptance.

Small was th' exertion, &c.] Not so fast, good poet, cries out in this place, M. MACULARIUS. We do not find that HILLARIO, upon any occasion whatever, has been charged with stealing Apollo's quiver, and certain it is, that those arrows, which he has shot at all the world, never were taken from thence. But of Mercury it is recorded by HORACE, that he really did deceive the God of wit in this manner;

*Te boves olim nisi reddidisses
 Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci,
 Voce dum terret viduus pharetra.*

Risit Apollo.

Venus next exprest,] Venus rises in this assembly quite in the manner attributed to her in the ancient poets; thus we see in VIRGIL that she is all mildness, and at every word breathes Ambrosia;

*At non Venus aurea contra,
 Pauca refert.—*

She is to speak upon this occasion, as well as in the case produced from the *Æneid*, in favour of a much loved son, though indeed we cannot say that she has been quite so

- " If there be any praise the nails to pare,
 " And in soft ringlets wreath th' elastic hair,
 " In talk and tea to trifle time away ;
 " The mien so easy and the dress so gay !
 " Can my Hillario's worth remain unknown,
 " With whom coy Sylvia trusts herself alone.
 " With whom, so pure, so innocent his life,
 " The jealous husband leaves his buxom wife.
 " What tho' he ne'er assume the post of Mars,
 " By me disbanded from all amorous wars ;

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kind to Hillario, as formerly she was to Æneas, it being evident that she has not bestowed upon him that lustre of youthful bloom, and that liquid radiance of the eye, which she is said to have given the pious Trojan.

——— *Lumenque juventa,
 Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.*

On the contrary Venus here talks of his black self, which makes it suspected that she reconciled herself to this hue, out of a compliment to Vulcan, of whom she has frequent favours to solicit ; and perhaps it may appear hereafter, that she procured a sword for our hero from the celestial blacksmith's forge. One thing is not a little surprizing, that, while Venus speaks on the side of Hillario, she should omit the real utility he has been of to the cause of love, by his experience as an apothecary, of which he himself hath told us, several have profited ; and it should be remembered at the same time, that he actually has employed his person in the service of Venus, and has now an offspring of the amorous congress. It is moreover notorious, that having, in his elegant language, tasted of the cool stream, he was ready to plunge in again, and therefore publicly set himself up for a wife, and thus, became a fortune-hunter with his pen, and if he has failed in his design, it is because the ladies do not approve the new scheme of propagation without the knowledge of a man, which Hillario pretended to explain so handsomely in the *Lucina sine concubitu*.---But the truth is, he never wrote a syllable of this book, though he transcribed part of it, and shew'd it to a bookseller, in order to procure a higher price for his productions.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

Diamond

- " His fancy (if not person) he employs,
 " And oft ideal countesses enjoys ---
 " Tho' hard his heart, yet beauty shall controul,
 " And sweeten all the rancour of his soul,
 " While his black self, Florinda ever near, 195
 " Shews like a Diamond in an Ethiop's ear."

When Pallas--thus--" Cease--ye immortals--cease

- " Nor rob serene stupidity of peace --
 " Should Jove himself in calculation mad
 " Still negatives to blank negations add, 200
 " How could the barren cyphers ever breed,
 " But nothing still from nothing would proceed?
 " Raise or depress--or magnify--or blame,
 " Inanity will ever be the same."

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Diamond in an Ethiops ear,] There is neither morality, nor integrity, nor unity, nor universality in this poem.—The author of it is a SMART; I hope to see a SMARTEAD published; I had my pocket picked the other day, as I was going through Paul's Church-yard, and I firmly believe it was this little author, as the man who can pun, will also pick a pocket.

JOHN DENNIS, Junior.

Inanity will ever be, &c.] Our author does not here mean to list himself among the disputants concerning pure space, but the doctrine he would advance, is, that nothing can come from nothing. In so unbelieving an age as this, it is possible this tenet may not be received, but if the reader has a mind to see it handled at large, he may find in Rungturtius, vol. 16. pagina 1001. " De hac re multum et turpiter hallu-

" cinantur

- “ Not so (says Phœbus) my celestial friend, 205
 “ E'en blank privation has its use and end---
 “ How sweetly shadows recommend the light,
 “ And darkness renders my own beams more bright!
 “ How rise from filth the violet and rose!
 “ From emptiness, how softest musick flows! 210

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“ cinantur scriptores tam exteri quam domestici. Spatium enim absolutum et relativum debent distingui, priusquam distincta esse possunt; neque ulla alia regula ad normam rei metaphysicæ quadrabit, quam triplex consideratio de substantiâ inanitatibus, sive entitate nihili, quæ quidem consideratio triplex ad unam reduci potest necessitatem; nempe idem spatium de quo jam satis dictum est.” This opinion is further corroborated by the tracts of the society of Bourdeaux. On the distinction entre les choses, qui n'ont pas de difference, il nous faut absolument agreer, que les idees, qui ont frappé l'imagination, peuvent bien etre, effacer, pourvu qu'on ne s'avise pas d'oublier cet espace immense, qui environne toute la nature, et le système des etoiles.” Among our countrymen, I do not know any body that has handled this subject so well as the accurate Mr. Fielding, in his essay upon Nothing, which the reader may find in the first volume of his miscellanies; but with all due deference to his authority, we beg leave to dissent from one assertion in the said essay; the residence of nothing might in his time have been in a critick's head, and we are apt to believe that there is a something like nothing in most criticks heads to this day, and this false appearance misled the excellent metaphysician just quoted; for nothing, in its *puris naturalibus*, as Gravesend describes it in his experimental philosophy, does subsist no where so properly at present as in the pericranium of our hero.

MART. MACULARIUS.

Musick flows,] Persons of most genius, says the INSPECTOR, Friday Jan. 26, Number 587, “ have in general been the fondest of musick; Sir Isaac Newton was “ remarkable for his affection for harmony; he was scarce ever missed at the beginning of any performance, but he was seldom seen at the end of it.” And indeed of this opinion is M. MACULARIUS; and he further adds, that if Sir Isaac was still living it is probable he would be at the beginning of the INSPECTOR's next song at Cuper's, but that he would not be at the end of it, may be proved to a mathematical demonstration, though Hillario takes so much pleasure in beating time to them himself, and though he so frequently exclaims, very fine!--O fine!--vastly fine!--Since the lucubration of Friday Jan. 26th has been mentioned, we think proper to observe here, that his INSPECTORSHIP has the most notable talent at a motto--QUINBUS FLESTRIN faith, “ he is a tartar for that,” and of this learned reader take a specimen along with you.

"How absence to possession adds a grace,

"And modest vacancy to all gives place?

"Contrasted when fair nature's works we spy,

"More they allure the mind and more they charm the eye.

"So from Hillario some effect may spring, 215

"E'en him---that slight Penumbra of a thing."

Morpheus at length in the debate awoke,

And drowsily a few dull words he spoke---

Declar'd Hillario was the friend of ease,

And had a soporific pow'r to please.--- 220

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you. How aptly upon the subject of musick does he bid his readers pluck grapes from the loaded vine!

Carpite de plenīs pendentes vitibus uvas. OVID.

The above-mentioned QUINBUS FLESTRIN, peremptorily says, this line has been cavilled at by some minor critics, because, "the grapes are sour;" and indeed of that way of thinking is MACULARIUS, who hath been greatly astonished at the taste of Hillario, in so frequently culling from Valerius Flaccus. But he is clearly of opinion, that the lines from Welsted and Dennis, are selected with great judgment, and are hung out as proper signs of what entertainment is to be furnished up to his customers.

Penumbra of a thing.] Whatever mean opinion Dr. Phœbus may entertain of his terrestrial brother physican and poet: on earth, Hillario is talked of in a different manner, as will appear from the following parody on the lines prefixed by Mr. DRYDEN, to MILTON's Paradise Lost.

Three great wise men in the same Æra born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn:

Henley

Once more Hillario he pronounc'd with pain,
But at the very sound was lull'd to sleep again.

Momus the last of all, in merry mood,
As moderator in the assembly stood.

"Ye laughter-loving pow'rs, ye Gods of mirth, 225

"What not regard my deputy on earth?

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Henley in care of souls display'd his skill,
Rock shone in physick, and in both John H—ll,
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

Lull'd to sleep again.] The hypnotick, or soporiferous quality of Hillario's pen, is manifest from the following asseveration, which was published in the New Craftsman, and is a letter from a tradesman in the city.

"S I R,

"From a motive of gratitude, and for the sake of those of my fellow-creatures,
"who may unhappily be afflicted; as I have been for some time past, I beg leave,
"through the channel of your paper, to communicate the disorder I have laboured
"under, and the extraordinary cure I have lately met with. I have had for many
"months successively, a slow nervous fever, with a constant flutter on my spirits, at-
"tended with pertinacious watchings, twitchings of the nerves, and other grievous
"symptoms, which reduced me to a mere shadow. At length, by the interposition of
"the divine providence, a friend who had himself experienced it, advised me to have
"recourse to the reading of the INSPECTORS. I accordingly took one of them, and
"the effect it had upon me was such, that I fell into a profound sleep, which lasted
"near six and thirty hours. By this I have attained a more composed habit of body,
"and I now doze away almost all my time, but for fear of a lethargy, am ordered
"to take them in smaller quantities. A paragraph at a time now answers my pur-
"pose, and under heaven I owe my sleeping powers to the above-mentioned IN-
"SPECTORS. I look upon them to be a grand soporificum mirabile, very proper to
"be had in all families. He makes great allowance to those who buy them to sell
"again

- “ Whose chymic skill turns brass to gold with ease,
 “ And out of Cibber forges Socrates?
 “ Whose genius makes consistencies to fight,
 “ And forms an union betwixt wrong and right?
 “ Who (five whole days in senseless malice past)
 “ Repents, and is religious at the last?

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“ again, or to send abroad to the plantations; and the above fact I am ready to attest whenever called upon. Given under my hand this 4th January 1753.

“ Humphrey Roberts, weaver in Crispin-street, Spittle-fields, opposite the
 “ white horse.”

Forges Socrates,] Socrates was the father of the truest philosophy that ever appeared in the world, and though he has not drawn God's image, which was reserved for the light of the gospel, he has at least given the shadow, which together with his exemplary life, induced Erasmus to cry out, *Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis*; of Mr. Cibber we shall say nothing; as he has said abundantly enough of himself, but to illustrate the poet's meaning in this passage, it may be necessary to observe, that when the British worthy was indisposed some time since, the INSPECTOR did not hesitate to prefer him to the God-like ancient philosopher. *O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem.*

M. MACULARIUS.

Consistencies to fight,] Alluding to his egregious talent at distinctions without a difference.

Religious at the last?] On every Saturday the florid Hillario becomes, in Woodward's phrase, a Lay-preacher; but his flimsy, heavy, impotent lucubrations have rather been of prejudice to the good old cause; and we hear that there is now preparing for the press, by a very eminent divine, a defence of christianity against the misrepresentations of a certain officious writer; and for the present we think proper to apply an epigram, occasioned by a dispute between two beaux concerning religion.

I.

On grace, free will, and myst'ries high,
 Two wits harangu'd the table;
 J—n H—ll believes he knows not why,
 Tom swears 'tis all a fable.

G

II. Peace.

" A paltry play'r, that in no parts succeeds,

" A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads.

NOTES VARIORUM.

II.

Peace, idiots, peace, and both agree,
Tom kifs thy empty brother ;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
But dreads a friend like t'other.

A paltry play'r, &c.] It appears that the first effort of this universal genius, who is lately become remarkable as the Bobadil of literature, was to excel in Pantomime. What was the event?—he was damned.—Mr. Cross, the prompter, took great pains to fit him for the part of Oroonoko—he was damned.—He attempted Captain Blandford—he was damned.—He acted Constant in the Provok'd Wife—he was damned.—He represented the Botanist in Romeo and Juliet, at the little theatre in the Hay-market, under the direction of Mr. The. Cibber—he was damned.—He appeared in the character of Lothario, at the celebrated theatre in May-Fair—he was damn'd there too. Mr. Cross, however, to alleviate his misfortune, charitably bestowed upon him a 15th part of his own benefit. See the Gentleman's Magazine for last December, and also Woodward's letter, *passim*.

No mortal read,] Notwithstanding this assertion of Momus, our hero pro eâ, quâ est, verecundiâ, comparèth himself to Addison and Steel, which occasioned the following epigram, by the right honourable the earl of *** addressed to the right honourable G—e D—n.

Art thou not angry, learning's great protector,
To hear that flimsy author, the INSPECTOR,
Of cant, or puff, that daily vain inditer,
Call Addison, or Steel, his brother writer?
So, a pert H--ll (in Æsop's fabling days)
Sworn up with vanity, and self-given praise,
To his huge neighbour Mountain would have said,
" See ; (brother,) how We Mountains lift the head !
" How great We shew ! how awful, and how high,
" Amidst these paultry Mounts, that here around us lie !

And now, reader, please to observe, that, since so ingenious a nobleman hath condescended to take notice of his INSPECTORSHIP, Mr. Smart doth not need any apology for the notice he hath also taken of him.

M. MACULARIUS.

The

" The trumpet of a base deserted cause,
 " Damn'd to the scandal of his own applause;
 " While thus he stands a general wit confest,
 " With all these titles, all these talents blest,
 " Be he by Jove's authority assign'd,
 " The UNIVERSAL BUTT of all mankind."

So spake and ceas'd the joy-exciting God,
 And Jove immediate gave th' assenting nod,
 When Fame her adamantine trump uprear'd,
 And thus th' irrevocable doom declar'd.

" While in the vale perennial fountains flow,
 " And fragrant Zephyrs musically blow;
 " While the majestic sea from pole to pole,
 " In horrible magnificence shall roll,

NOTES VARIORUM.

The trumpet, &c.] In a very pleasant account of the riots in Drury-lane Play-house, by Henry Fielding, Esq; we find the following humorous description of our hero in the character of a trumpeter. " They all ran away except the trumpeter, who having an empyema in his side, as well as several dreadful bruises on his breech, was taken. When he was brought before Garrick to be examined, he said the ninnies, to whom he had the honour to be trumpeter, had resented the use made of the monst'ers by Garrick. That it was unfair, that it was cruel; that it was inhuman to employ a man's own subjects against him. That Rich was lawful sovereign over all

- " While yonder glorious canopy on high,
 " Shall overhang the curtains of the sky,
 " While the gay seasons their due course shall run,
 " Ruled by the brilliant stars and golden sun,
 " While wit and fool antagonists shall be,
 " And sense and taste and nature shall agree,
 " While love shall live, and rapture shall rejoice,
 " Fed by the notes of Handel, Arne and Boyce,
 " While with joint force o'er humour's droll domain,
 " Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift shall reign,
 " While thinking figures from the canvass start,
 " And Hogarth is the Garrick of his art.

NOTES VARIORUM.

the monsters in the universe, with much more of the same kind; all which Garrick seemed to think unworthy of an answer; but when the trumpeter challenged him as his acquaintance, the chief with great disdain turned his back, and ordered the fellow to be dismissed with full power of trumpeting again on what side he pleased."--- Hillario, hath since trumpeted in the cause of Pantomime, the gaudy scenery of which with great judgment he dismisses from the Opera-house, and saith, it is now fixed in its proper place in the theatre. On this occasion, MACULARIUS cannot help exclaiming, " O Shakespear! O Johnson! rest, rest perturbed spirits."

Handel, Arne, and Boyce,] The first of these gentlemen may be justly looked upon as the Milton of musick, and the talents of the two latter may not improperly be delineated by calling them the Drydens of their profession, as they not only touch the strings of love with exquisite art, but also, when they please, reach the truly sublime.

Hogarth is the Garrick, &c.] The opinion which Mr. Hogarth entertains of our hero's writings, may be guess'd at, by any one who will take the pleasure of looking at a print called Beer-street, in which Hillario's critique upon the Royal Society is put into a basket directed to the trunk-maker in St. Paul's Church-yard. I shall only just observe that the compliment in this passage to Mr. Hogarth is reciprocal, and reflects a lustre on Mr. Garrick, both of them having similar talents, equally capable

“ So long in flat stupidity’s extreme,

“ Shall H---ll th’ ARCH-DUNCE remain o’er every dunce supreme.

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NOTES VARIORUM.

of the highest elevation, and of representing the ordinary scenes of life, with the most exquisite humour.

Conclusion] And now, candid reader, MARTINUS MACULARIUS hath attended thee throughout the first book of this most delectable poem. As it is not improbable that those will be inquisitive after the particulars relating to this thy commentator. He here gives the notice that he is preparing for the press, *Memoirs of MARTINUS MACULARIUS*, with his travels by sea and land, together with his flights aerial, and descents subterraneous, &c. And in the mean time he bids thee farewell, until the appearance of the second book of the *HILLIAD*, of which we will say, *speciosa miracula promet*. And so as Terence say, *Vos valet & plaudite*.

The END of Book the FIRST.

"So long in the study of the
" Shall H---ll the arch-bunch remain or ever dance again."

NOTES VAGABUNDUM.

of the highest elevation, and of representing the ordinary scenes of life, with the most
exquisite humour.
[Comment] And now, could reader, MARRIAGE MACULARIUS, had attended
these throughout the first book of this most delightful poem. As it is not improbable
that those who will be inquisitive after the particulars relating to this thy composition,
He here gives the notice that he is preparing for the press, Memoirs of MARRIAGE
MACULARIUS, with his usual, in his hand, together with his rights, and
different subjects, which will, much to
the advantage of the reader, be published in a few days.

ERRATUM Magnum Lacrimabile.

It is with the utmost regret, that I am obliged to accuse OUR EPIC POET of a
most notorious blunder, and that in the very introduction to this work.---*Turpissimum*
est in ipso limine cespitasse.---He has made himself debtor to Dr. Hill for his praises,
and creditor for his abuse; whereas in truth and nature the reverse must be right,
viz. The Doctor's abuse is an obligation, and his praise is downright Billinggate.
Swift says,——

On me when blockheads are satyric,
I take it for a panegyric.

And again,

When scoundrels give me the dominion,
They damn me in my own opinion.

M. MACULARIUS.

The END of Book the FIRST.